

# Dicky Bird Husband Prefers Office to Home Because at Business He's Boss, Says Miss Ford

"THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD"



THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



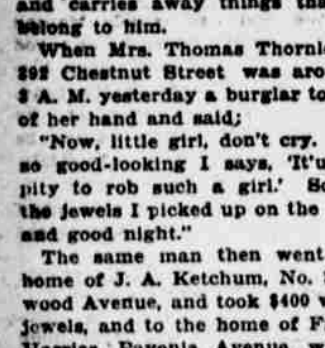
THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



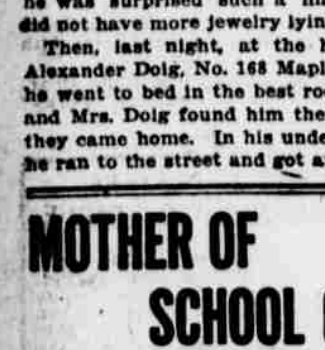
THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



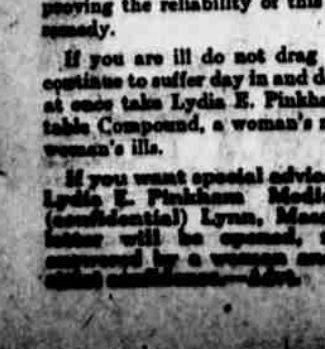
THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



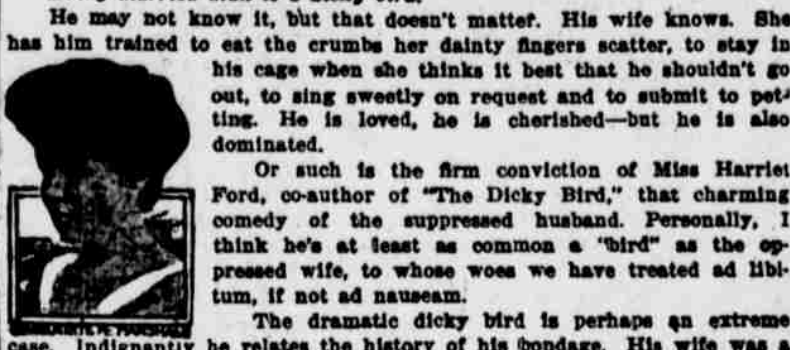
THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



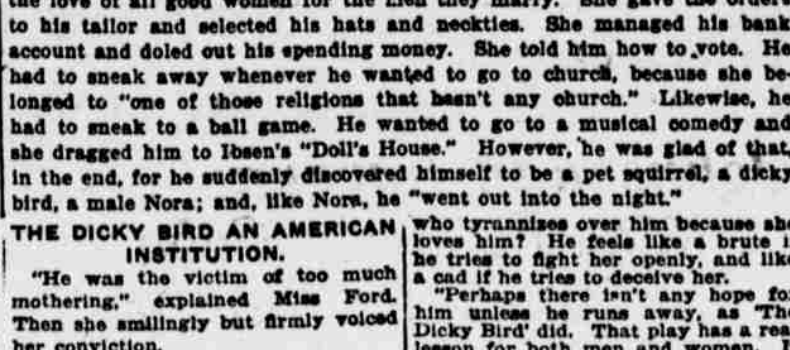
THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



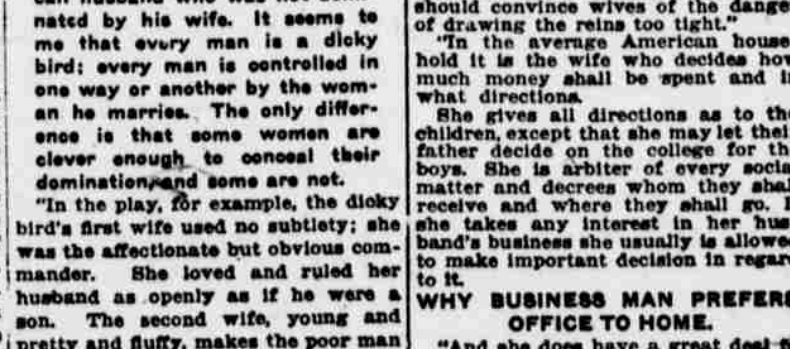
THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



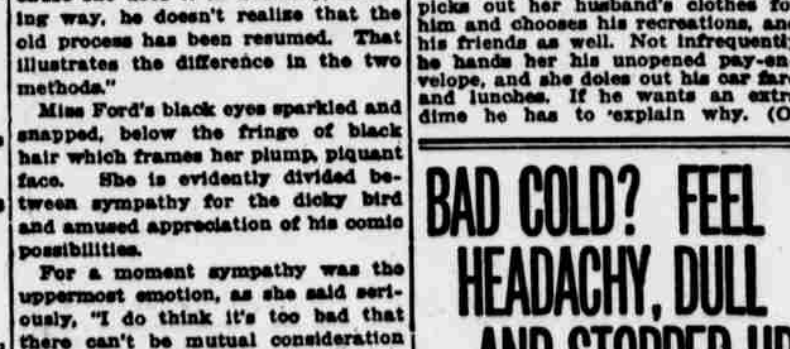
THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



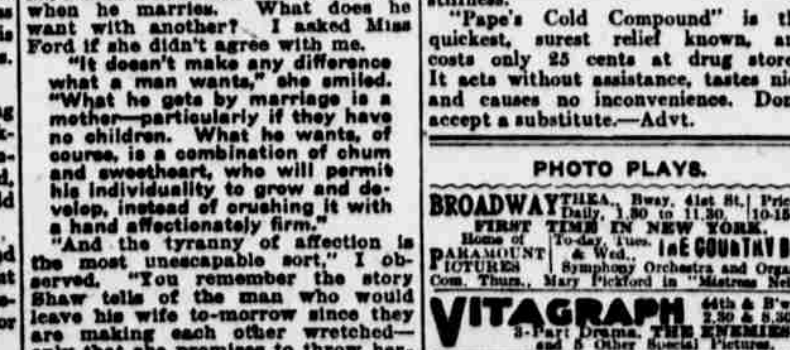
THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



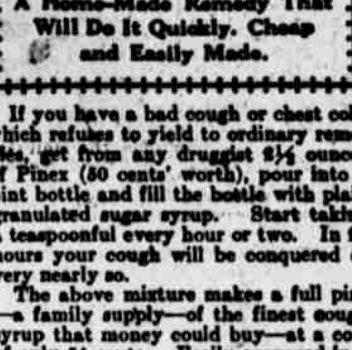
THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



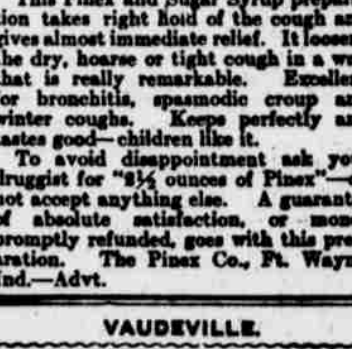
THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



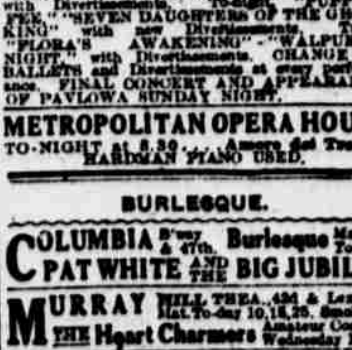
THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD



THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION  
AND THE 'DICKY BIRD'  
BY THE DICKY BIRD

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

Every married man is a dicky bird.

He may not know it, but that doesn't matter. His wife knows. She has him trained to eat the crumbs her dainty fingers scatter, to stay in his cage when she thinks it best that he shouldn't go out, to sing sweetly on request and to submit to petting. He is loved, he is cherished—but he is also dominated.

Or such is the firm conviction of Miss Harriet Ford, co-author of "The Dicky Bird," that charming comedy of the suppressed husband. Personally, I think he's at least as common a "bird" as the oppressed wife, to whose woes we have treated ad libitum, if not ad nauseam.

The dramatic dicky bird is perhaps an extreme case. Indignantly he relates the history of his bondage. His wife was a superlative embodiment of that "mother-in-law" which, we are told, colors the love of all good women for the men they marry. She gave the orders to his tailor and selected his hats and neckties. She managed his bank account and doled out his spending money. She told him how to vote. He had to sneak away whenever he wanted to go to church, because she belonged to "one of those religions that hasn't any church." Likewise, he had to sneak to a ball game. He wanted to go to a musical comedy and she dragged him to Ibsen's "Doll's House." However, he was glad of that, in the end, for he suddenly discovered himself to be a pet squirrel, a dicky bird, a male Nora; and, like Nora, he "went out into the night."

Who tyrannizes over him because she loves him? He feels like a brute if he tries to fight her openly, and like a cad if he tries to deceive her. "Perhaps there isn't any hope for him unless he runs away," as "The Dicky Bird" did. That play has a real lesson for both men and women. It should wake some husbands up to the fact that they are dicky birds, and it should convince wives of the danger of drawing the reins too tight.

"In the average American household it is the wife who decides how much money shall be spent and in what directions. She gives all directions as to the children, except that she may let their father decide on the college for the boys. She is arbiter of every social matter and decrees whom they shall receive and where they shall go. If she takes any interest in her husband's business she usually is allowed to make important decisions in regard to it."

WHY BUSINESS MAN PREFERS OFFICE TO HOME.

"And the man who has a great deal to say about his wife's personal habits and affairs. Many a woman picks out her husband's clothes for him and chooses his recreations, and his friends as well. Not infrequently she hands her husband his pay-envelope, and she does out his car fare and luncheon. If he wants an extra dime he has to explain why. (Of course, Miss Ford added in parenthesis, "there are men who are close and mean with their wives in the matter of money.")

"I believe that one reason why the American man devoted so much time to his business is that he likes to stay in a place where he's boss. In the office every one does as he says; at home he does as his wife says. Also, I think that the large number of business men who are devoted to their work is due to the dread of domestic subjection on the part of young men. They are so plentiful examples of it among the older married men of their acquaintance, and they shudder clear."

"My partner, Mr. O'Higgins, thinks that when women are allowed free expression outside the home they will be distracted from their impulse to tyrannize," ended Miss Ford, with a little smile. "I'm afraid I'm not so sure. Suppose we have them mothering politics!"

Yet isn't the dicky bird the crowning triumph of "indirect influence?"

THE DICKY BIRD AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION.

"He was the victim of too much mothering," explained Miss Ford. Then she smilingly but firmly voiced her conviction.

"I have never known an American husband who was not dominated by his wife. It seems to me that every man is a dicky bird; every man is controlled in one way or another by the woman he marries. The only difference is that some women are clever enough to conceal their domination, and some are not."

"In the play, for example, the dicky bird's first wife used no subtlety; she was the affectionate but obvious commander. She loved and ruled her husband as openly as if he were a son. The second wife, young and pretty and stuffy, makes the poor man a dicky bird all over again. But because she does it in a dainty, fetching way, he doesn't realize that the old process has been resumed. That illustrates the difference in the two methods."

Miss Ford's black eyes sparkled and snapped, below the fringe of black hair which frames her plump, piquant face. She is evidently divided between sympathy for the dicky bird and amused appreciation of his comic possibilities.

For a moment sympathy was the uppermost emotion, as she said seriously, "I do think it's too bad that there can't be mutual consideration in a home, don't you? That is certainly the ideal, but I myself have never seen it put in practice between husband and wife. The struggle for dominance usually begins with a war of words before the honeymoon is over, and in this country, at least, victory almost always goes to the wife."

IN GERMANY AND ENGLAND HUSBAND IS BOSS.

"In Germany the man seems to be master of the house; in England, too, he has chief authority. It's less noticeable in France, for the French women are so fascinating and the men so chivalrous. I suppose there are downtrodden wives in America, but by far the commoner sight is the downtrodden husband."

"I have always thought that the 'mother element' in a good wife's love is an overplayed feature. After all, a man has, or has had, one mother with whom he marries. What does he want with another? I asked Miss Ford if she didn't agree with me.

"It doesn't make any difference what a man wants," she smiled. "The mother element in a good wife's love is a combination of chum and sweetheart, who will permit his individuality to grow and develop, instead of crushing it with a hand affectionately firm."

"And the tyranny of affection is the most unescapable sort," I observed. "You remember the story Shaw told of the man who would leave his wife to-morrow since they are making each other wretched, only that she promises to throw herself beneath the wheels of the engine bearing him away."

"There you have it," said Miss Ford. "A cruel tyrant can either be loved or despised with great enthusiasm on the part of his victims. It is what one does to a woman."

How to Get Rid of a Bad Cough.

A Home-Made Remedy That Will Do It Quickly, Cheap and Easily Made.

If you have a bad cough or chest cold which refuses to yield to ordinary remedies, get from any druggist 2 1/2 ounces of Finer (50 cents) worth, pour into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Start taking a teaspoonful every hour or two. In 24 hours your cough will be conquered or very nearly so.

The above mixture makes a full pint—family supply—of the finest cough syrup that money could buy—at a cost of only 54 cents. Easily prepared in 5 minutes. Full directions with Finer.

This Finer and Sugar Syrup preparation takes right hold of the cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough in a way that is really remarkable. Excellent for bronchitis, spasmodic croup and winter coughs. Keeps perfectly and tastes good—children like it.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "54 ounces of Finer"—do not accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Finer Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.—Adv.

VAUDEVILLE.

FF PROCTOR'S

5TH AVE.

23RD ST.

58TH ST.

25TH ST.

HAMMERSTEIN'S

EVELYN NESBIT

COLONIAL

ALHAMBRA

CONCERTS AND MUSIC.

CENTURY

PALLOVA

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

BURLESQUE.

COLUMBIA

CAT WHITE

MURRAY

OLYMPIC

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY

DAILY